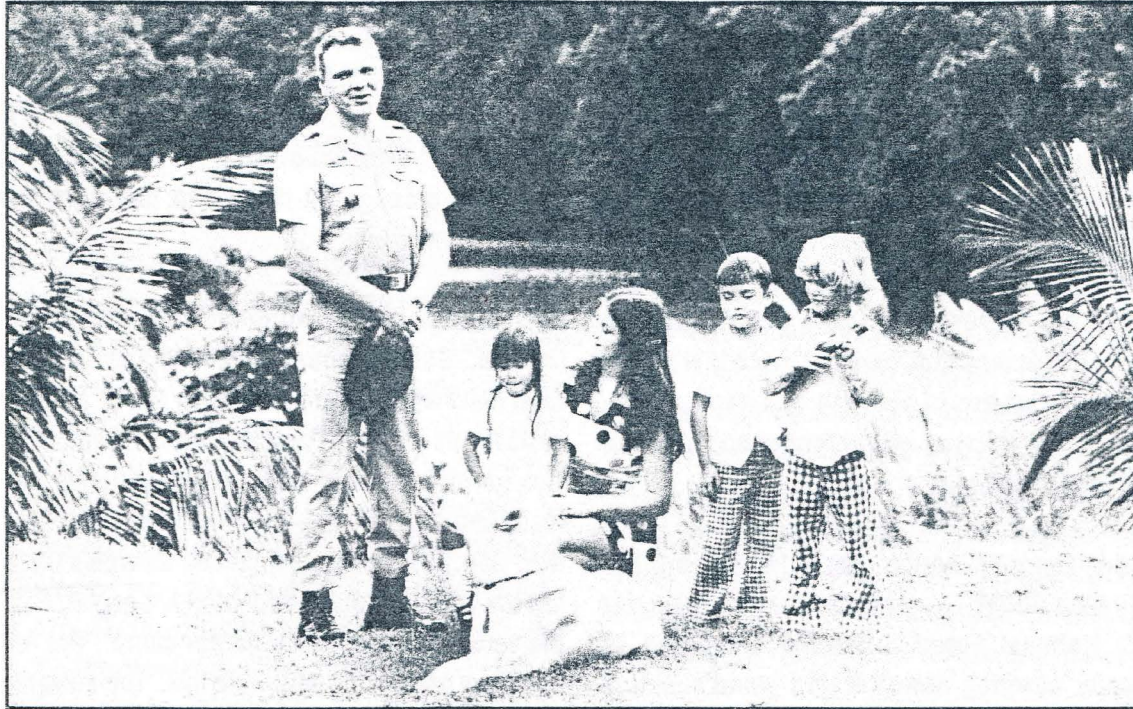


CENTER FOR ACTION



VOL. 8, NO. 2, SEPTEMBER 1998

- ♦ ERIC RUDOLPH
- ♦ IMPERIUM
- ♦ SAVING RUDOLPH
- ♦ WHY
- ♦ LETTER VS. SPIRIT
- ♦ WIEGAND SAGA
- ♦ JIM & BO FACE TRIAL
- ♦ REPORTS OF MY DEATH ARE TRUE
- ♦ WEATHER TRUTHS
- ♦ ALMOST HEAVEN
- ♦ SPIKE LIVES ON
- ♦ GREEN BERET SHAME
- ♦ ABOUT BILL

Bo with Bride in Paradise at Millenium

WHO IS ERIC RUDOLPH

Eric Rudolph is America's "Most Wanted" fugitive, having evaded an army of agents for seven months. Janet Reno has authorized a \$1,000,000 reward for information leading to his arrest. The FBI wants to "talk to him" about the bombing of a Birmingham, Alabama abortion clinic, 29 January 1998, wherein an off-duty police guard was killed, and a nurse injured. In reality, he will be charged with the Atlanta- Summer Olympic bombing, along with explosions targeting a Georgia gay bar, and a Georgia abortion facility. Eric, at 31 (32 this month), is a handsome 5-foot, 11-inches tall, approximately 175 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes. His father was killed while Eric was a small child. In 1981, his mother, Pat, along with Tom, a male friend, moved the family from Florida to the Smoky Mountain region of Southwest North Carolina. Eric is unusually intelligent and extreme in his political-religious views. He joined the U.S. Army and served in the 101st "Screaming Eagle" Division for two years until dis-

charged for "substance abuse." After his release, Eric returned to the Nantahala National Forest area of Murphy and Andrews, NC where he worked odd jobs and continued his association with illegal recreational drugs.

Eric was baptized a Catholic. His specific religious beliefs further separated him from other family members. One brother was rejected for having an alternative lifestyle, while Pat, his mom, was deemed "new age." As authorities began the search for Eric Rudolph by harassing the family, another brother calmly, without grimace, demonstrating Eric's ultra excess, videoed slicing his hand off with a circular saw. The tape was sent to the FBI along with an appeal to accept the sacrifice as "a pound of flesh" in leaving them alone. Eric Rudolph is a loner. He possessed the zeal, dedication, and inclination to build the bombs that were detonated. Not only did he declare war on the sins of abortion and homosexuality, he methodically prepared to go underground following his withdrawal from Birmingham.

Rudolph is an avid fisherman, hunter, and outdoorsman. His home was literally the 65,000 acre Nantahala (Cherokee for "Noon-day-sun") National Forest. Besides the ocean of thick triple canopy covering some of the world's oldest mountains, Rudolph swims in a sea of local admirers and supporters. Eric sold his home just before the Birmingham bombing. Equipped with cash, he left \$500 for Andrews health food store owner and fellow Catholic, George Nordmann, while helping himself to five-gallons of honey, flashlight batteries, and close to a year's supply of food. He told George the supplies would be cached, and used George's 1977 blue Datsun pickup truck for transport. Four other people in a white van were seen helping Eric with his hide.

Rudolph drank wine with partying teens and met his mom the weekend before we arrived at the very site in the forest we used for our forward operations base. Like a modern Robin Hood or Scarlet Pimpernel, Rudolph enjoys the support of locals, who, in the tradition of Andrews Irish Catholic founders, distrust outsiders, loath federal agents, and won't burn one of their own — not even for one-million dollars. Clay, Macon, and Cherokee counties all join in the area most frequented by Rudolph. Local law enforcement could have brought Rudolph in, but shoved aside by the federal task force, he is now "invisible" to the locals. Bumper stickers proclaim Eric to be the "World's Hide & Go Seek Champion;" T-shirts urge: "Run Rudolph Run!"

Authorities are fearful that hunters will run onto Rudolph, precipitating a gun fight. Eric is known to possess an AR-15. The FBI considers him extremely dangerous. They should. Rudolph will not be taken easily unless severely injured, critically wounded, or near death due to exposure or illness. Rudolph is convinced he will not survive incarceration. His mentor, Francis Parker Yockey, died in his cell in 1960, two days after being arrested by the FBI, who just wanted to talk to him. The Nantahala is carpeted with poisonous plants, snakes, and Africanized bees and yellowjackets. Marijuana growers and moonshiners booby-trap their areas — all threats to anyone making the outdoors a home.

Eric watched George Nordmann for days before approaching him. George thought his hens had stopped laying, but later discovered egg shells at the top of a wooded hill overlooking his property where Eric had camped. Eric asked George for an out of print commentary on the New Testament and expressed fear and concern over his relationship with God. Eric fixed the lights on George's truck before taking the vehicle. After depositing his cache, Eric abandoned the vehicle on the road near our camp. The rear tire had a puncture and both fronts were low. The elevated areas near our base were only partially accessible by normal vehicle. Such a large cache of food would have to be hidden near trafficable trails. Eric assured George that no one would find his food, but a local deputy did run across a former Rudolph hide.

Authorities believe cold weather will make it harder for Rudolph to hide. Much of the forest is hardwood and famous for its leaf color as Autumn temperatures drop. The Feds overlook Eric's ability to go underground aided by those who support him. One such person has a secret room beneath his Andrews home. Eric was also known to have visited friends in Gastonia, North Carolina just three months ago. Many Summer cabins exist throughout the area that are fully stocked, but not occupied during the Winter months. One family, who owns three such facilities, reported repeatedly watching Eric enter the dwellings for food. On one occasion he also took a sleeping bag, but didn't disturb other valuables. Eric Rudolph has well demonstrated his ability to survive in spite of being the subject of a concentrated manhunt by America's elite police agencies. Eric Rudolph won't come in voluntarily. If cornered he will fight. If killed, he will be blamed for every bombing incident

not solved. The Feds won't go home. Eric Rudolph can't go home. No doubt the dilemma will be resolved in his capture dead — or alive.

IMPERIUM

What does not destroy me, makes me stronger

Eric may never have read the Douay (Catholic) version of the Bible, but he did consider one text as Gospel — *Imperium*. This massive (619 page) discourse on the *Philosophy of History and Government* was written by a man much like Eric Rudolph.

Francis Parker Yockey was born a mentally gifted child in Chicago, 1917. A concert-level pianist, brilliant writer, and linguist, he graduated *cum laude* with a Juris Doctorate from Notre Dame in 1941. Yockey opposed America's involvement in the war in Europe, but joined the military until medically discharged in 1942. Yockey then became the Assistant Wayne County Attorney for Detroit, Michigan. In 1946, Yockey was offered a job with the war crimes tribunal and went to Europe. He was assigned to Wiesbaden (my brother, Mike's, birthplace) where the "second-string" Nazis were tried. Yockey viewed the Henry Morgenthau Plan to divide Germany up into de-industrialized agrarian states as a means to starve 30-million Germans to death. (Morgenthau was Secretary of the Treasury under FDR and Truman. He fostered the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. When Truman disapproved of his "Morgue" plan for Germany, Morgenthau resigned and chaired the United Jewish Appeal.)

Yockey concluded through his personal observations and access to trial data that the entire war and follow-up tribunal was meant only to serve the interests of international communism. For 11-months Yockey prepared reports for Washington on the prosecution of various Nazi war criminals. He did the job too well. Bureaucrats in D.C. complained: Yockey was told to "rewrite his chronicles to conform with the official viewpoint." Yockey quit on the spot with the retort: "I'm a lawyer, not a journalist, you'll have to write your own propaganda." Yockey went to Ireland, where in six months, he wrote his 600-page thesis, *IMPERIUM, The Philosophy of History and Politics*, under the nom de plume, Ulick Varange.

Yockey's point is: The history of Western nations follows a great Triadic development. (I) The Thesis was Western unity (Crusades, Empire, Papacy) which continued vis-à-vis the Barbarian, down to the middle of the 18th Century. (II) The Antithesis was the period of political nationalism, which accompanied Materialism and led people to believe that nations produce Culture, instead of the reverse. Some leaders (Bill Clinton) are willing to betray their nations into bondage to extra-Western forces (UN) rather than join a united Western organism. (III) The Synthesis is the future, an amalgam of political globalism with common resources served by minions for the benefit of an elite.

Yockey refuses to believe that the destiny of White civilization can be blurred and thwarted by sub-cultural powers. "Precisely at the moment when their victory seems full blown and permanently secured, Europe begins to stir. Widened and chastened by tragedy, defeat, and catastrophe the Western soul is emerging from the ruins, unbroken in its will, and purer in its spiritual unity than ever before. The great dream and aim of Leibnitz, the uniting of all the states of Europe, is closer by virtue of Europe's defeat, for in that defeat, it perceive its unity." Yockey is right. Europe is now united. America an off-shoot of Europe's Culture.

Consider what else he says: *The mission of this (our) generation is the most difficult that has ever faced a Western people. It must break the terror by which it is held in silence, it must obey even if it means death, it must fight to the end. Fortifying is the knowledge that against the Spirit of Heroism no materialistic force can prevail. Like the men of Aragon and Castile who fought the Moor, like the Teutonic Knights and Prussians who fought the Slav, the men of this generation must fight for the continued existence of the West. Ultimately nothing can defeat them except inner decadence.*

The West has something to devote to the contest that neither the Barbarian nor the parasite has: the force of the mightiest superpersonal Destiny that has ever appeared on earth, with such tremendous force that no number of scaffold-trials or massacres, no heaps of starved or pyramids of skulls can touch it.

The West has two centuries and tens of millions of lives of the coming generations to give to the war against the Barbarian. It has a will which has not only emerged unbroken, but is gaining in strength with every year. Merely material superiority will do the distorter little

good in a war whose duration will be measured, if necessary, in centuries. Napoleon knew, and the West still knows, the primacy of the spiritual in warfare. The soil of Europe, rendered sacred by the streams of blood which have made it spiritually fertile for a millennium, will once again stream with blood until the barbarians and distorters have been driven out — Down with the Star of Molech and up with the Cross of Victory!

Eric Rudolph obviously identified his roots with those of Yockey. The Barbarian distorters are those who kill God's creation before it can join the ranks of spiritual warriors. Yockey concludes: *This is promised, not by human resolves merely, but by a higher Destiny. This Destiny does not tire, nor can it be broken, and its mantle of strength descends upon those in its service. Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich starker!*

Yockey was only able to publish 200 copies of the first edition in 1948, in two volumes. The last printing was in paperback in May 1969. The book is now out of print. At the time of this Newsletter, the Christian Patriot Association, POB 596, Boring, Oregon 97009 has 100 copies that sell for \$14.00 including shipping and handling. You may also order the book by calling 503-668-4941. To understand the mind of Rudolph and others like him, you must read their book of instructions.

SAVING ERIC RUDOLPH

Charlie Stone called in August identifying himself as the Chief Negotiator for the Southeastern Bomb Task Force. He said that there was strong evidence that Eric Rudolph listened to my *Freedom Call* radio program, had "Bo Gritz video tapes," and had respect for me as a person. He wanted me to "make an appeal for Rudolph to surrender." It sounded like Ruby Ridge deja-vu when the FBI contacted me in Phoenix to record a message to Randy Weaver. I agreed to come up with a plan. Charlie asked, "What are you going to say?" I told him I had no idea, but I would do something. Paul Harvey or Rush Limbaugh would have simply broadcast a one-liner and felt their public duty was satisfied, with me it's different. Stone has said, Eric's Mom, Pat, had refused to issue an appeal since she felt he would be "Shot on sight!" I agreed with her. Stone also confirmed there was an army of armed and dangerous bounty hunters combing the woods for their \$1,000,000 raffle

ticket — dead or alive. If I was to become involved it would be from a workable solution in accordance with Constitutional Law.

Since being reborn on the mountain, I haven't drawn a breath that wasn't in direct service to Almighty God. We have a very personal relationship. I talk, He listens; I propose, He guides. If my idea of service is in accordance with His Will, I will be inspired (arresting the U.S. and Idaho Governments at Ruby Ridge to break the police line), doors will open leading toward mission success. If my desires are not well advised, the opposite occurs. I had made a decision to help in the Eric Rudolph matter, but nothing inspirational stirred my mind. I went to God. It was well into the night, the house was dark, my bride lay asleep, as I stood before the plate glass window in our living room looking out into a sea of darkness and distant diamonds of light. My heart lovingly focused on communion with our Creator. "Father I would do Thy Will, Please help me."

Immediately my mind filled with action items: "Get Eric proper legal representation, give him the million-dollars; he can't come to you, so you go to him, ask for volunteers to help reach out so you can safely escort him in. It's glorious to communicate with the Holy Spirit, you forget nothing. I am a Christian, but I am glad to have studied other major religions to discover their strengths and weaknesses. 1.2-billion people believe in Islam. It is the major religion of Asia and Africa, even as Christianity prevails with 2-billion people in Europe, the Americas, and Oceania. The 14-million splinter made up of Jews completes those that believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

It is said that the Angel Gabriel appeared to an illiterate Mohammed who had dwelt in the Cave of Hira more than two years praying and admiring God. "Behold a dazzling Vision of beauty and light overpowered his senses, and he heard the word *"IQRA! (Recite or Proclaim!)"* Mohammed couldn't read, the Angel pressed him close to his breast and the shout rang out clear again: *"IQRA!"* It happened three times this way until finally Mohammed grasped his mission: God the Creator through his handiwork man, by Grace to record a Gift from God in a sanctified Book, the *Holy Qur'an*. The Koran is as expansive as the Holy Bible. How was Mohammed, a man who couldn't write, able to remember it all? Simple, when it comes from God.

My task was simple. I used the telephone to secure the services of attorney John De Camp from Nebraska. John would fill in as lead attorney until Rudolph decided he wanted John to represent him. With a million-dollars, Rudolph could afford the same justice as O.J. Simpson. We would need a team of local attorneys in the Andrews area to handle immediate needs. We would escort Rudolph to the appropriate county sheriff (Clay, Macon, Cherokee), where the Feds would have to arrange a transfer to the North Carolina Federal jurisdiction, then on to Alabama and Georgia. It was an excellent opportunity for everyone to learn how things should be done.

History records in the year 312, on the eve of the battle of the Milvian Bridge, near Rome, a vision appeared before Constantine that made him emperor of the world. Although a Sun worshiper until the last day of his life, he saw a fiery cross in the heavens beneath which was written in Greek, "By this sign thou shalt conquer." Constantine had his army emblazon the sign of Christ upon their shields and won the day. Constantine then adopted the monogram "XP" (Greek for Christ) as his imperial standard.

I sought out distinctive caps incorporating the Cross of Saint Andrew in bright red, white, & blue as our outward emblem, something Eric couldn't miss in or out of the woods. To cut the chance of deceivers finding similar head-gear, I added a scarf of the same color, as we had worn in the Special Task Force and Guerrilla Forces. The cap and colors honored the people of Andrews, North Carolina and communicated our "Rebel" status.

I explained my plan over Freedom Call. No reward for volunteers, just the satisfaction of laying down one week of their life to save the life of someone they didn't know, who might well be guilty of murder and try to take their lives. I estimated we would require the services of approximately 100 people to form TASK FORCE CROSS including field units, staff and auxiliary. We would need a place to muster and a forward operating base close to Eric's backyard. I called Special Forces Master Sergeant Bobby Steward in Tennessee. Bobby and Carol have been close friends for more than 20 years. Bobby agreed to go immediately to Andrews. Another mutual friend Sergeant Major Charlie McCowan and his new wife had relocated to Andrews. I knew many people in the area of operations (AO) from our East Coast SPIKE Training Sessions. I gave Bobby the con-

tact number for Charlie Stone to coordinate our arrival and use of the AO.

Preston and Kathy Gullledge allowed me to use their phone as a reference for people needing instruction concerning assembly. Another Spiker Family made arrangements for me to do the radio program using their home and telephone. It was coming together — as I knew it could. Several young men drove all the way from the Seattle, Washington area. Richard and Jim Flowers flew in from Oregon, John Goodrich and others came south from New England. Sheldon kissed his bride goodbye, as did Mike from Monroe, Louisiana and Brad from Salt Lake City. A dad and his 18-year old daughter made the trip as did 10-year old Toby and his dad, Hugh from Indy, and others including "Blue Skies" Leon from across the nation — 86 total — just so Eric Rudolph could securely cross the street. Randy Weaver and I flew from Seattle to Kamiah to pick up my son, Jim. We went to Nevada for supplies and picked up Sheldon in Dallas. Bobby and Preston had secured the Andrews Civic Center as an initial rendezvous point. The welcome, registration, and opening brief were scheduled for 0800 Friday, August 14th.

I appointed Sheldon to be troop commander. Brad was my Executive & Personnel Officer, Bobby handled Intelligence and Physical Security while Jim responded with Field Operations. Walt became TF CROSS Logistics Officer. Dave drove down with Bobby in motor-homes which quickly were converted into a TOC (Tactical Operations Center). Dave functioned as our Signal Officer. The toughest job went to Gene who had to care for and satisfy the appetite of a voracious media. Richard and Jim enjoyed and did well as our Police Liaison.

I had prepared loyalty statements for all who would be volunteers. I wanted everyone who would be within our perimeter to be identified and sign a promise of non-disclosure. I don't think anyone outside of our ranks ever thought we would actually turn into an efficient organism of search — but with God's Will we instantly did so. Sheldon interviewed each volunteer to determine where each could best serve.

I was pleasantly surprised to find that instead of me arresting them, or them arresting me (Jordan, MT), the authorities seemed glad to see us arrive. With initial intelligence, I re-

quested and received immediate clearance into the area where I knew for a fact Eric Rudolph frequented. He had been with his mom the week before at Bob Allison's Camp Ground within the Nantahala reserve. Two months before Eric met and shared beer and wine with teenagers at the same spot. The blue Datsun truck he took from George Nordmann broke down near the entrance to camp ground. It was the best place to start. Jim secured the site as our Forward Operating Base. It distanced us on a narrow road some 20 miles from the prying eyes and ears of the media.

At noon, as a double convoy (Staff and Troops), we rolled into the cleared and beautiful area known as Bob Allison's Camp Ground dislodging a single bounty-hunter and a newly wed couple were surprised to see the spreading sea of red, white & blue. Gene arranged to have only two "pool" cameramen (Jeff, Channel 2 Atlanta & Bobby from CNN) accompany us. They would be briefed each day and submit their consolidated work that evening. Sheldon organized the field personnel into teams and we closed the park. A tall U.S. Park Ranger born and raised in Andrews was very accommodating. He said: "Only 75 people can be in the park at any one time. Anyone more than that will have to see me for a permit." He was giving me the way to keep anyone but our TF out. He mentioned that no weapons were allowed, but followed up with a quick, "I don't intend to make any inspections." Everyone wanted us to do as our name spelled: Convey Rudolph Obligingly Safely into the System.

I addressed the assembly. We invoked the Grace of God and prepared for our first launch on Saturday morning at 0800. The entire field force would walk Garrison Ridge. It would give us all an opportunity to shake down, get rid of excess gear, and settle into compatible units. The vertical slope would challenge us all with its height, fields of poisonous plants, snakes, Africanized flying stinging insects, and continuous wall of triple canopy growth. Darkness fell, but didn't absorb our hopes, prayers and spirit.

Next morning we left in transports to the base of the mountain. The climb was even more than I had anticipated, but only two members returned to base, a man and his 16-year old daughter. She had never required so much from her body and the strain was more than she could endure. They continued throughout the week to serve in an administrative capacity.

That evening we established a perimeter and dispatched patrols on a "fan-search" pattern. John Goodrich, Mark "Lube" and the special recon team took off down along the ridge to its terminus some miles away. During the final struggle to the top Sheldon was stung by a Yellowjacket. A young police officer volunteer behind him reflected that it would have been critical had it been him instead of Sheldon. He was quick to assure Sheldon that, while allergic, he walks in the woods frequently. During the fan patrols this same young man was stung more than a dozen times by vicious Yellowjackets that attacked us all without provocation. Fortunately, a medivac was quickly arranged and he ended up in the Murphy Hospital before returning home.

As night closed in rain began to fall. As usual, I had taken little care or inventory of my pack. Hoping for a pocket-sized nylon "VC hammock," I instead loosed a full blown jungle hammock. Undeterred, Sheldon and Leon gave a hand stringing up the menagerie. Testing it for tensile strength, all were satisfied it would endure the night. We started a "White-man" fire hoping to draw Rudolph to the flame.

Toby had no shelter from the rain. Eyeing my rig, he unrolled his sleeping bag beneath Uncle Bo's formidable hammock disregarding the physical fact that with me in it, he would be squashed! To help matters, helping hands untied the many cords and repositioned the beast much higher. As the rain increased and sleep came on, I prepared to mount my bedding — Toby wisely abandoned his sack for the fire. Somehow the cords got twisted and I pulled a Scott Weekly in Burma inversion on a mule with a loose girth. Once I did get mounted, Toby took his bag and retreated to a position in the rain, but close to the fire.

What a night. Throughout each change of the fire guards, I listened to world problems and solutions to everything from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe. I should have sent a recording to UN Ambassador Bill Richardson, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, and Bill Clinton. We were all beat, stung, and wet, but there was not a single cross word uttered. We were there for a righteous cause and God had answered our prayer.

We had planned a two day search, but intelligence sources were pouring in with recent sightings that required field

team action. Transport picked up the main body and recovered John and "Lube's" special recon team, Sunday morning. Back at the FOB we had a Sacrament Service and prepared to launch individual teams to the numerous target locations.

One of the many notable people to volunteer was a giant of a man who had served in Vietnam with the 1st Cavalry Division when only 18. PTSD had set in so bad that not only was he 100-percent disabled, but was self-destructive and had an all too frequent habit of carving pieces out of his body with knives that he handmade. Presenting himself before Sheldon and Brad, he had an obvious new growth of skin over a large portion of his upper left forearm. "Lube" was prepared for the field but the two TF officers feared he might have a flashback that would endanger both himself and others. They recommended "Lube" stay in the FOB. "Lube" appealed directly to me as one combat vet to another. "Sir the problem is that when I get bored I go crazy and start cutting myself up. I need this chance to go to the field with the others." I believed him and had Sheldon assign "Lube" to John's special recon where both of us could keep an eye out for any trouble.

"Lube" performed with absolute excellence, often helping others and doing twice what was asked of him. He worked out so well that he was placed in charge of a crucial command and communication outpost. At the demobilization ceremony on Friday at Noon, I pinned one of my Bronze Star Medals with "V" device for Valor on Lube's chest — not just for all he contributed to accomplishment of our mission, but for all the times in Vietnam he was overlooked as a proud young trooper serving as cannon fodder for some General's career. "Lube" stood so proud as everyone applauded him. Eric Rudolph missed an excellent opportunity to come in as a hero. We may not have brought Rudolph in, but I bet "Lube" will need a lot less drugs from the VA, and prayerfully soon, he will be completely "out of the woods."

Another wonderful act of heroism above and beyond the call of duty came from another veteran, a Special Forces communicator. He came with John Goodrich from New England with a bag and medication tube suspended from his chest. He was in desperate need of a heart and lung transplant which he probably will not get. Knowing that every beat of his heart might well be his last, he chose to spend a stressful week of little sleep seeking to serve a brother he

had never met, Eric Rudolph. I know our Heavenly Father and the Angels weep for the love of such a man: *GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN (be willing to) LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS*, John 15:12. He worked tirelessly as the commo-chief throughout the entire seven days, often listening carefully for the call of deployed teams throughout the night.

A final unlikely hero appeared late in the week as a "slick" talent from CNN somehow made his way past Bobby Steward's security, picked up Jeff the cameraman and cornered me for an interview. Knowing that both Bobby and Gene would have to approve the reporter's presence, I stepped aside to satisfy the man's requirement. His first question was, "How do you answer the many critics who say you intend to walk away with the money if Rudolph comes in?" As I started to answer, Jeff suddenly shut off the camera and backed away: "I'm not going record this kind of questioning, I know what you are trying to do. I have been out here with these people all week. I know how hard they have worked and for what purpose, I won't be part of such an interview!"

If you watch CNN, you will recognize this too pretty, too perfect puke. He reminded me of Terry Marshal, a too tall, perfect teacher's pet in Mrs. Thompson's First Grade Class. I just couldn't help pulling the chair out from under him, even though I knew Mrs. Thompson would give me what for. Without Jeff, he was without a voice or face. Astonished, he left in a huff. As I turned to thank Jeff for his moral courage, he remarked: "I may have just ended my career, but after all everyone has done to save Eric Rudolph, I couldn't let him denigrate our effort with his trashy journalism."

That evening a white rented Blazer pulled up to the security point. Gene received a fancy card announcing that the bearer was Jeff's replacement for the reporting pool. He sat there all night without entrance. There was no way to replace Jeff. They could fire him, but no one would take his place. That morning Jeff was sent with a cave search team. On Freedom Call, I mentioned the incident along with the name and private number of Jeff's Atlanta boss. In only a few minutes the boss was on the air assuring everyone that Jeff was a valued member of the Channel 2 News Team and was not and would not be fired!

Out of the seven days, I spent four nights on the ground in

the field closing the gap with Rudolph. The first night was with the TF Cross field force on Garrison Ridge. Night two was with John and "Lube" as a C&C outpost for three surveillance and road runner teams. Owners of summer homes reported having observed a young man with a pony tail enter three residences which maintained fully stocked storage areas. He only took food with the exception of a single sleeping bag. They all assumed it was Eric Rudolph, the three locations were within his usual range. Three teams staked out the sites which were all next to each other over a mile distance. At 2130-hours the code for Rudolph-in-sight (Johnny has a sprained ankle) came over the tac-team frequency from the first location. Our hearts pounded in anticipation. John Goodrich left the CP to cover the two miles to the further house.

When it was all sorted out, the intruder had approached the cabin from a back trail. The surveillance team was divided so as to better cover their target. When the one element announced arrival of the intruder, the sister team ran across a stream that bisected the property. The sound of their splashing spooked the intruder who scampered upon an embankment and disappeared into the darkness. All the teams cried out identifying themselves and pleading with Eric to come in as they searched the area. We reset the teams without much hope of another contact.

It began to pour rain at 0400. At 0430 the same figure reappeared at the same site, this time approaching from the stream bank. It was decided to allow the person access to the house. Holding his hand over the flashlight to allow only a small beam of light the intruder searched the windows for access. Will, a young USMC volunteer was stretched out in front of the door. He watched the light play through windows and listened as the man moved around the house. The front of the house was elevated on stilts with a railed deck running the entire circumference. Will watched as the figure tried the corner window from his prone position. In the next moment the intruder would round the corner and come face to face with young Will. Not wishing to be shot (the FBI cautioned that Eric carries an AR-15), Will called out: "Eric, I only have a light and a radio, I'm part of Bo Gritz Team, Please let us help you!" The startled man leaped the railing and ran off again through the rain into the surrounding forest. The third night, I picked the door lock. John and I lay on the inside floor as all three locations were again manned, but no one

appeared.

Night four was the most bizarre of all. I was preparing to leave the FOB to meet at 1500-hours with three Andrews lawyers, who had agreed to initially represent Eric Rudolph until John De Camp or a more permanent arrangement was made. I was dressed only in jeans, a black T-shirt, and cowboy boots. My pockets contained only a pen and pad of paper. As I started out through security, Mark, a Spiker, field op volunteer, and Murphy health food store owner approached me. *"Colonel you must go with me now to see Eric Rudolph! I've come to take you to him, he's waiting on you. It's very close by."* I agreed, thinking Eric might be hold-up just off the road. He knew this area like the back of his hand. *"You'll have to wear a blue shirt for recognition, so you don't get shot. There is a 70-year old man with Eric that is very nervous."* Without comment I returned to Dave's motorcoach for a blue Spike O&I pull-over — and a radio. *"You might also want to change your boots, it's not far but there will be some climbing involved."* I pulled on my SWAT boots and laced them tight. "Let's Go."

As we started up the vertical slope opposite the camp entrance I dared to ask, "Exactly where are we going." *"I'd really rather not elaborate on that just yet. Please just follow me."* We climbed West, 1,700 feet up within the first mile through the dense underbrush. During a pit stop, Mark confided that Eric was waiting for us at exactly where the "C" at Compass Creek was on the map. Our objective was another mile to the Southwest, almost straight down from the high spot in the area, Tusquitee Bald at the 5,000-foot level. We pressed on, but in the wrong direction, descending Northwest toward another water source known as Chestnut Branch. I stopped Mark and asked if he knew we were off course. Mark showed me his compass. It was a 1914 U.S. Army Corp of Engineers Survey Compass, a precision instrument when mounted on a tripod, but of little use when walking in the steep and deep woods.

We retraced our tracks as the sun sat lower in the West. It was becoming more obvious that this would not be the quicky, I'd hoped for. Mark had two canteens which he carried for us both. I longed for my compass and gear. I didn't even have a "drive-on" sweat rag to wipe my face, or a cap to keep my hair from entangling in the ever present briars. Having regained the ridgeline, we began our descent to-

ward Compass Creek. Moving mostly on our backsides and bellies, we struggled through choking vines and laurels to the creek. Movement was somewhat better hampered by fallen dead wood which had to be negotiated. At a point where Mark said we were very close to where Eric said he would wait there was a single boot print about four inches deep in the soft creek bank.

We moved as if in combat, but there was no other sign, other than the occasional musk-scent of bears who passed this way, or wild boar prints that disappeared back into the matted underbrush. With the sun fast fading, I halted our progress for the night in a small stand of pines. The shedding needles killed off competing vegetation and offered a rare flat clearing with plenty of fire wood. As Mark made a ring of rocks, I called the base and was rewarded with a beep, which meant the battery would soon be dead. My second effort succeeded. With Jim on the other end, I explained that I needed a team at the top of Tusquitee Bald. If Eric didn't come to our fire and shouts, I would launch the the top team in two elements straddling Compass Creek. It was very likely Mark and I were on the wrong side and simply missed Eric Rudolph. I didn't waste words for two reasons, security against anyone monitoring and my low battery. If Jim left immediately the team could force march up the ridge line before complete darkness set in.

Jim grabbed Sheldon, John, Mike, and Brad, leaving in a rush. Instead of just making the top and circling the team till morning, Jim thought to find and Join his Dad. Totally swallowed up in the ever crushing undergrowth the team struggled toward Compass Creek. Realizing the impossibility of the situation, Jim instructed Sheldon to take a compass azimuth back to the FOB. They arrived about the same time as Mark and I.

Incredibly, Sheldon and Mike insisted on forming two new teams. Sheldon's group re-scaled Tusquitee while Mike's group started at the bottom of Compass Creek and worked Northward with team on both sides. Mr Green, a local volunteer woodsman, located a spot where one man had made a bed of leaves and spent the night in a growth of laurels on the side opposite where Mark and I bedded down. The location was close to Mark's "C," being about 300-yards to the Northeast. Unfortunately, our fire and shouted invitations brought us no further joy.

Thursday and Friday until noon, the teams continued to comb caves, lake areas and other likely spots to contact Rudolph. Local supporters from Andrews fixed a wonderful meal for Task Force Cross as we prepared to depart Friday. Our mission had been for volunteers to give up one solid week in forming a bridge for Eric Rudolph to safely come in. Our mission was complete. We started Friday with organization and deployed our field unit Saturday morning. Eric had missed an excellent opportunity to gain a million-dollars, safe conduct, and free representation. It was his choice. I presented each volunteer with a SPIKE Coin and Badge for their honorable services rendered. The camp site was left better than we found it.

WHY SAVE ERIC RUDOLPH

Eric's family is so dysfunctional that various members were calling Vicci fighting over who would get the \$1,000,000! They have advised him, along with other misguided counsel, to not come in. There is a collective opinion that Eric will be shot on sight by trigger-happy bounty hunters for the reward, or Feds who would rather pin unsolved crimes on Rudolph without the inconvenience of a trial. Eric's family believes, he either did or could have done the bombing on his own.

I don't agree with abortion. It's too bad that those who support killing babies can't have their wish retroactive to the time of their birth! America gives Red China money to carry out forced abortion. Dead fetuses are sold as "health food" for \$1.29! Every baby is murdered, regardless of the length of term if the mother doesn't have written permission for the birth. In the USA alone 33,000,000 babies have been killed in 25 years since the Supreme Court Roe v. Wade decision (more than 3600 children murders every day, seven days a week without any holidays! Something needs to be done to bring America to its knees in repentance.

Consider the advance and acceptance of homosexuality! What's wrong will never be truly right. Clinton vetoed the ban on partial birth abortions where the baby is murdered in the birth canal just before breathing its first breath. The House of Representatives voted last month to overturn the Clinton Veto, now it is up to the Senate. If Eric Rudolph would have voluntarily turned himself in to Task Force Cross, he could have rightfully claimed fear of being killed

by the hundreds of militarized police now swarming across the Nantahala. With \$1,000,000 and proper representation, Rudolph could have become a living icon for the right to life and conservative Christian movement. As it now stands, Eric will either be slain, run to ground as a fugitive, or be proclaimed guilty by reason of flight. In every case, he does nothing to advance the righteous cause of those who would stop the slaughter of the unborn. Eric Rudolph and his supporters are concerned with keeping him at bay. As a warrior, I saw the good he might do, even at the sacrifice of his liberty.

Look at the Montana Freemen. Did they accomplish one good thing with their siege? Today most Americans have forgotten about Justus Township. They could have struck a grand blow for freedom by going to court and publicly bringing out their points of law against the unconstitutional Federal Reserve and American debt. What a waste.

There are always people who want to watch others in the arena, but are afraid to climb in themselves. It's like the race car crowd who pays and prays for blood and gore. Eric Rudolph should have come in — as a hero, not be run to ground as a murdering coward. Unfortunately, each human being is gifted from God with free agency. The good they could have done must wait for yet another champion.

LETTER V. SPIRIT: The Second Option

Wednesday night, ending the 5th day of effort to save Eric Rudolph, I received a message to contact a person in the Special Operations Section of a coded agency. Thursday, after lengthy sequencing through cover agencies, I was connected. He said that many members of the "company" CT (Counter-terrorist) units were wanting to help look for Rudolph, including Delta Force, the "Farm" (an agency training facility in Virginia), "Group" (regular Special Forces) "Cage" units (other classified coded elements). He said all special equipment was on stand-by for use including all manner of search computers, satellite services, canopy-penetrating GPS, staff and field personnel in any number desired. When I asked about Posse Comitatus (power of

the county v. use of regular military to enforce civil law), he said the Commanding General (an exceedingly good man and true hero who I greatly respect and know well) was prepared to immediately grant all "volunteers" Administrative Leave. Men and Materials could arrive by the next morning.

The offer was tempting. I needed strength in both staff and field functions. Two dozen of our nations most elite paramilitary with starwars equipment might well be able to capitalize on the intelligence and field coverage developed by the first wave of Task Force CROSS. I sincerely wanted to offer Eric Rudolph a hero's entry into the "Criminal" Justice System, yet there was a moral matter to settle. I would have to remain on station with Jim to oversee and cover the operation for an additional week. While, according to the "letter of the law," the new replacements would be legal (volunteers on administrative leave from their official assignments), nevertheless they represented a military presence involved in an operation to convey obligingly a most wanted fugitive safely into the system — was it in violation of the spirit of the law? Would the good of bringing a reluctant Rudolph in under hero status, something our civilian volunteers didn't do, be tainted morally and offset by how Eric was brought in? My contact assured me that all was in compliance as long as the second-effort team was not identified.

I didn't want to see Eric Rudolph shot down like an animal (five deer have been killed by searching SWAT teams because they failed to halt when ordered.) In every extreme circumstance where a large number of professional combatants, whether it is military or police, are assembled, you will find a mix of the very finest to the absolute worse. The good guys want to see the job done with no violence if at all possible, the worst lust for bloodshed. The top of the best of the Southeast Bomb Task Force is Charlie Stone.

Charlie is a tall, bald, blushing, tobacco chewing, somewhat horizontally challenged, 26-year veteran man-hunting anomaly from Georgia who speaks strictly Southern. Charlie honestly wants to see Rudolph safely in the system as soon as possible, and he doesn't care who does it. Charlie, as the chief negotiator, was the one who originally asked me to make an appeal to Eric to come in.

Charlie would keep a confidence if it meant finding Rudolph. He had already inquired how my "military relationships" were. I asked his opinion of the "Second Option"?

Charlie dribbled into the paper cup that was part of his right hand and mused: The FBI could never officially endorse such an effort, but if the General Officer in charge of the Special Operations assets approved and was willing to cover their participation with Admin-leave, it might work. He asked me how that many young commandos could be concealed from the prying media. Delta personnel are encouraged to look "native" for undercover missions against foreign terrorist organizations. Beards, blue jeans, T-shirts, TF-CROSS caps, and red-white-blue scarves should blend them well enough. Charlie nodded in acceptance. "We really need to run the ridgelines with strong young professionals — that's where we'll find Rudolph," Charlie offered. I told him I would make a decision that night and let him know if I would deploy the offered experts.

I sought the opinion of one other person, Preston, a local Andrews contact who sponsored our East Coast SPIKE training sessions. Both Preston and Kathy are strong Christian Patriots. Preston was naturally against any such rationalization of the law. It was not right, even if the paper manipulations made it legal, to deploy military troops within the United States to effect a civil end. Preston was right — even as I had known in my heart. I have oft broken the letter of law (using false ID, secretly crossing international borders, training, equipping, and deploying guerrilla and other unconventional forces, etc), but never once have I ever supported breaking the law in spirit. I redialed the Special Operations number and stood down what could have been Eric Rudolph's best chance to be a hero (but what if there had been an alternate agenda attached to the new "TF CROSS?") Only God and the CIA know, but Eric Rudolph will now have to be brought down by bounty hunters, or, if he is extremely lucky, brought in by one of his own, Charlie Stone.

CAN IT GET ANY WORSE

Linda Wiegand has been separated from her two sons for

more than two years. Connecticut judges have placed them in the care of a man that both boys say have sexually abused them time and again. Add to this nightmare a court-ordered debt of \$700,000 increasing by 8% each year — payable to the abuser. Time to wake up? I'm sure Wiegand would love to open her eyes and find that it was all just a horrible dream — including the abuse, but there's more. Wiegand was locked in Connecticut's maximum security prison for four months for not being able to pay the court assessments. It's illegal to do, but no matter. Judges in two states have ordered the boys returned to her, but not in Connecticut.

Last month Linda was summoned to appear before the Hartford civil court to show why she should not be held in contempt for not paying the outrageous awards. Linda is certain the judge means to re-incarcerate her — he did it before, why not again? Compounding the problem is her attorney's vacation, he won't be there for the hearing. Get a delay right — NOT. The judge says no. Linda fears appearing alone and doesn't show. The judge orders her arrested on a \$25,000 bond, but its not over yet. Linda is scheduled to appear before the Enfield criminal court for a trial date. This attorney also asks for a continuance, which the judge denies. Fearing to appear alone, Linda doesn't show. Now she has a felony warrant issued under a \$75,000 bond. It's criminal. So now what? Linda currently has a New York firm working her case from a civil rights point of view. It will take them a month to prepare their case, in the meantime, Wiegand is on the lam. If ever a break was needed, it's this case.

Jim and I did not become involved for Linda Wiegand's benefit. I went to Connecticut to investigate the allegations she was making against Tom Wilkinson concerning the physical, satanic, and sexual abuse against Jon and Ben. It is unconscionable that justice is so blind in Connecticut that for the sake of two little boys and the entire jurisprudence system, judges won't re-look this entire case. What mom on disability have you ever heard of who is assessed \$500,000 with more than \$3,000 in monthly payments, plus attorneys fees of \$50,000 in a family court hearing where the defendant isn't even represented?

Wiegand is caught in a devilish vortex which swirls her

lower with every revolution. How can she expect to remain out of prison, let alone ever see her children again. This is where Hollyweird could script a happy ending, but this is real life where Linda and her sons become so much mulch for the protected devil worshipers.

Linda needs your help. Jim and I have already poured tens of thousands of dollars into a dozen attorneys who haven't done squat. We are out of funds for our own defense and cannot offer Linda anymore financial help. Read the fine print. America has changed from "Liberty and Justice for All," to "until proven bankrupt." Help Linda as you will. Send donations to WIEGAND FUND, POB 2043, Abington, MA 02351. Linda updates her hot line each week. For the latest call 203-492-3419. Pray for God's Will in this matter — and maybe Wilkinson will meet Jimmy "the Grease," who turns out a high quality dog food.

JIM & BO FACE TRIAL

Enfield prosecutor John Malone has scheduled us for a trial date on 15 September. My attorney, David Kritzman says I don't have to be present, but Jim does. Anthony Colleluori, the New York lawyer who has received some \$20,000, refuses to correspond with the court concerning Jim's defense. A second lawyer, Spinella from Hartford who was paid \$5,000 appeared once before a Three-Stooges style bond reduction hearing. They are both signed on as defense counsel but neither of them have acknowledged their obligation before the court. I have contacted Kritzman for an alternative, but thus far have received nothing but excuses. Both Jim and I are in need of help in meeting whatever payment schedule is required to assure our proper defense. We are innocent as any moron can see, but it doesn't mean we will get justice beyond what we can pay for.

The previous judge, D'Addabbo, refused to hear pre-trial motions. The judges are scheduled to change, again. There seems to be no consideration whatsoever for Constitutional rights. It has been two years since our arrest. What does the Constitution State of Connecticut consider proper for a "Fair and Speedy Trial?" Jim and I need any frequent flyer miles you can spare, plus any do-

nations to help pay for our defense. I cannot imagine spending the rest of my life in a Connecticut prison for something we didn't do, in trying to help save Jon and Ben. Please contact Vicci at 208-935-1325 to transfer miles to cover our travel. Send donations to GRITZ DEFENSE FUND, Box 308, Kamiah, Idaho 83536. May God Bless and keep you safe from such peril. In the event we cannot break Satan's grip, and We are imprisoned, PLEASE don't forget our families. The Center For Action can go on serving you with SPIKE Training Videos, Preparedness items, and a safe haven at Almost Heaven.

MY DEATH

I must face the prospect that with the corrupt courts of today, I might end up in prison with all that would mean for my wife and family. In taking stock, I understand why Claudia would say goodbye. I have oft said that my life began the moment I met her. If so, then my life ended the moment we separated. We were bound even as Adam and Eve in Genesis 2:24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." "Cleave" in Hebrew means "Hot pursuit" and "Stick to like glue." Yet in Dallas the divorce rate is 80%. Atlanta, at 75%, now requires marriage counseling before getting a license. Satan knows His time is short. He knows that he loses. His greatest weapon is the destruction of families through divorce, abortion, bankruptcy, substance abuse, incarceration, government attacks, and poor morals. All who love God and would keep Sacred Promises are targeted! Be on guard my precious brothers and sisters. The demons are at your door.

Faced with this dilemma, causes me to take stock of how I feel about my eternal bride and our past life together. I pray you will consider my mistakes and safeguard your eternal partner. Claudia has always been my dream girl come true. There is nothing on Earth I value more than her. I always thought she was an angel sent from God that I might have the strength to do His Will. Of all the things required in my life, my worst nightmare is that my bride might be taken from me. What does a person do when the greatest part of their life: physical, emotional, psychological, and spiritual is suddenly not there? I

have shared with you much of my heart in over eight years of CFA Newsletters, my book, *CALLED TO SERVE*, the '92 Presidential Campaign, almost seven years of SPIKE training, two hours daily of Talk America Radio, Preparedness Expos, public and personal appearances. You know me! You know how indispensable Claudia has always been to my existence. Without her, there is no me. Prison would be more than she could take, less than she deserves, but the real reason for my death is suicide.

Randy Weaver told me that once his trial was over, he went to bed for three months grieving for Vicki and Sammy. It would have been better if I had died in Vietnam, been captured in Laos, killed in Burma, shot by the FBI at Ruby Ridge, murdered by the Montana Freemen, or devoured by a bear in North Carolina than lose my bride. I wish this was just a bad dream, but it isn't.

She is the only woman in my life; I have not with passion touched, kissed, spoke or been with another female since we reinforced our vows of fidelity to each other. I have never physically abused her, never said "no" to anything she wanted, tried to give her everything possible to recognize her importance to me, let her find her own level. She handles all our finances, performed a miracle in saving our covenant community when we were left with a million-dollar deficit. But, I have put her through emotional hell, driven her away from me, and in doing so, stabbed my own heart.

I have crowded love into a corner with stress in her life. Claudia first cared for my children; she cared for my Grandmother, until she went to God; she kept our home, saw to my needs, and anchored me when I would have otherwise been adrift. In return, I left her alone while searching for our Missing in Action in Communist Asia. She endured two years of federal trial as the Executive tried to imprison me for refusing to erase and forget what I knew about U.S. officials overdosing America with illegal drugs.

Following my acquittal in 1989, Claudia continued to support my efforts with the Center For Action. During the '92 Campaign she would awake with a start not knowing where we were. She stayed by my side for 18-months as I testified before America that the Constitution could

save our sovereignty and solvency. I know she worried about my involvement at Ruby Ridge, then with another fugitive, Gordon Selner, and later the Montana Freemen. CJ ran the administrative end of our SPIKE Training Program and shared major responsibility in developing Almost Heaven.

In September, 1996, Jim and I were falsely arrested in connection with saving Linda Wiegand's boys, Jon and Ben. For two long years we have been strung out by both criminal courts and civil action. Add to this growing burden the last straw, my effort to save Eric Rudolph. After 24-years of valiant service, she is collapsing under the cumulative weight of it all. I guess even angels have a point beyond which they can no longer sustain flight. I'm so sorry for terribly abusing this beautiful creation.

I've shared with you my post Vietnam experience of going up in the mountains of Northern Mexico with one bullet in my Browning 9mm automatic, seeking an answer or ending to my life. My existence was a shambles. I had left my first wife thinking I would never return alive from Vietnam. I had so wanted to go to war to prove myself against other men in close combat. After witnessing the loss of life, limb, and liberty of my beloved comrades, I vowed never to leave until their blood was justified. Like a gambler, the longer I stayed, the more I got behind. When I couldn't be responsible for another lost life, I left, not knowing who I had become, or where, or if, I belonged. In a stupor of battle fatigue, I brought along the only identity I had, a Chinese prostitute. She knew how hard we had tried, how many of us had died. We were married in a bar in Tay Ninh. The only good things from the union were the birth of Micheil and Melody.

While isolated on the mountain, trying to determine if my soul was worth saving, I had time to read and ponder the Bible in its entirety, and let my mind, body, and spirit commune with God. I experienced a rebirth and dedicated my new life with every breath to His service, as He would have me. I thought to leave the military, knowing I could never kill another living thing that wasn't trying to kill me, but it was clear that our Father in Heaven intended for me to remain a soldier. The Holy Spirit, and friends on the Army General Staff who loved me, helped over a period of years to gently bring my emotional RPMs

from war-redline down to a peaceful idle. It was just as my mind and body began to settle that I met Claudia.

CJ was the most beautiful being I had ever seen. I was completely smitten with her from the instant I saw her sitting in the audience during a karate class. I loved her with all my being from that first moment, and even now. I thank God often for her company. When I was selected to command Special Forces in Latin America, I asked CJ to be my wife. I was always so proud of her. She took control of the officer's wives and was equally at home with VIPs, as she was with plain soldiers.

Our lives began to change when in October 1978, General Harold Aaron, DIA (Defense Intelligence), asked me to go in search of U.S. POWs were still being held against their will in Communist Asia." We both thought it would take only a short while. Claudia was unfamiliar with compartmented covert operations. It wasn't long before she was under great stress not knowing where I was going overseas and what I was actually doing. I realized that she was much more important than military regulations or national security. I insisted she be let in on, and play an active role, in our mission. My ISA code name was "Bear," Claudia became "Little Bear."

It must have been awful for her during the nine months of loneliness, as we were in Asia and across the Mekong River inside Laos with no real outside contact. When word came that we were being pursued by both Vietnamese and Laotian forces with little chance of survival, there were times she couldn't breathe. I can only image her fear. It didn't end with my safe return. With our life beginning to find a balance, I continued to return to Southeast Asia and conduct dangerous operations seeking our POWs when our government wouldn't. The missions didn't end until February 1992 when the U.S. agreed to normalize and the Communists buried our brothers in shallow graves. Claudia endured nine months of debilitating hives — they had to literally cut her wedding band away.

During the interim Asian monsoon seasons from 1984 through 1986, I trained Contras and Afghan rebels; went off to Saudi Arabia as an advisor, and to Africa on a "Black Money" operation. Halloween 1986, I was called to the White House for a mission into Burma's Golden Triangle — leading to my indictment and trial (1987-89). Can you see why the wing and tail feathers of my incomparable gift from on high is sagging under the load? Toss in Ruby Ridge and all the other involvement, now tell me Claudia doesn't have good cause

dump me and seek her happiness elsewhere while she is still young. I am almost 20 years her senior. Unless we are translated together, which I hope will soon happen with the coming of Christ, I might well leave her again — until the first resurrection — is that fair?

Until now, I have never tallied up all the extra duties she has shouldered throughout her life with me. As a warrior, my load was physical, while hers was emotional. It is a miracle she was able to struggle on as long as she has. All this time I have sought to save others, and have failed to preserve the person most meaningful and important to my own existence. If I can't save the one person who represents my eternal progression and happiness, where is my place on earth, or anywhere else? Please immediately begin to shore up your own relationships — time is so short.

Since the "mountain experience," I have increasingly sought God's Will in my life. He has protected and delivered me from thousands of dangers over the years. In my prayers seeking His guidance, I have constantly been in conflict with my own desire to focus on what was most personally dear to me — my precious bride and family. I argued with myself and what I was convinced was God's Will. My fear was always that I was acting irrationally when I should be at home loving Claudia and the children. The choice of whether to do what I sincerely thought God wanted me to do, versus sustaining my first love ripped me apart.

On one hand, I saw my preservation from previous dangers, and gift of my dream-girl, as a simple test to see whether or not I could manage my own family before being given greater responsibilities; on the other hand, however, I was haunted by failing to serve in matters of great importance, as I promised to do on the mountain. I spent endless hours walking the runway outside our Sandy Valley home locked in an internal struggle of prayer for truth. In the end, I always succumbed to what I thought our Heavenly Father wanted. Now, looking back, I'm so sorry for all of the pain and injury my ventures have caused the one person who I am obligated to serve and honor, my wife.

Everything done was in absolute good faith. My only hope is that the Holy Spirit justifies intent and not results. One

saving grace, as my world falls apart, is you. I have met, loved, and felt the good spirit of many wonderful souls, who I pray will walk over my remains toward much greater reward. Please know that your spouse is all important. I know of a certainty that God intends His elect to weather the coming storm in Constitutional Covenant Communities such as Almost Heaven. I do repent of ever hurting and damaging the fine person I know Claudia to be. Better we would have never met than to know that I have harmed the person key to my life and beyond. Nothing I have ever known hurts so deep and so intensely. May God grant me the time and opportunity to make it up to her with even more intensity than I used in hurting her.

While crushed and sorry, I remain certain that the essence of my decisions were inspired by the Holy Spirit. I could be a fool, but I cannot imagine that God, our Father would allow me to be so deceived when I earnestly call out to Him in the Name of our Savior, Jesus Christ. I am just devastated that, barring a miracle, I have lost my life just when I need her so much. Jim and I now stand at the mouth of the beast. I don't know if I can make it without my best part. I know God is. I know Claudia is my bride. Please pray for us!

WEATHER TRUTHS

While working undercover as an engineer at Hughes Aircraft Company, I was aware of several "Black" star wars-type projects being worked in their "Skunk Works" at Malibu and Santa Barbara, Code Named "GEMSTONE." Even as the AIDS virus was being offered as a top biological weapon in the late 1970's, so was weather manipulation. Both the USSR and the USA have workable control mechanisms. Both powers agreed in 1978 not to use weather manipulation as a weapon. When you see such strange record setting weather patterns, e.g., El Nino, etc, it is possible that some shadow un-elected force could be exacerbating natural systems to cause the weather to accomplish what governments have not? The normal floods are much worse this year in Bangladesh, as is the famine in the Sudan resulting in far more deaths than ever before. State disasters and national emergencies are now common place, giving government more and more control over the population. Is it a conspiracy?

October 20, 1977 (same period as AIDS presentation for

Congressional funding), the House Committee on Science and Technology received a briefing on Weather Modification from Harlan Cleveland, Chairman of the Federal Weather Modification Advisory Board. You can secure the actual transcript for a cost of \$12 by calling 800-543-0486. The September 1995 Popular Mechanics Magazine also has interesting coverage of this subject.

HAARP (High Frequency Active Auroral Research Project) at Gakona, Alaska uses HIPAS (High Power Auroral Stimulation) from a 33-acre antenna array transmitting ELF (Extremely Low Frequency) and VLF (Very Low Frequency) at extremely high wattage (500 megawatts up to 100 billion watts) to heat up the ionosphere. Gakona is just one of seven known ionosphere heaters in the world.

What can \$30-million worth of HAARP do? Manipulate Global Weather (creation and positioning of Low Pressure areas), Harm ecosystems, jam global communications, Alter moods and mental states of both humans and animals. Manipulating the environment has the same effect, reference government control over resources and population, as war. There are two good references to tell you more: Angels Don't Play This HAARP, by Dr. Nick Begich, and Vandalism in the Sky. Both books are available at 800-543-0486.

YOUR ARK IN A TIME OF NOAH

Recent Y-2-K interest and fear of the global community collapse has sent more families to select home sites at Almost Heaven. The Willis Farm with house, garage, and out buildings is now available at a bargain price. If no one buys the tract this month, Claudia will have the home remodeled and updated. It is a great opportunity to purchase a home with savings to customize it to your own taste. We will also consider renting the farm to the right family. Call Vicci or Claudia for details at 208-935-1325. A rare Flying Elk Runway lot has also come open. This is the chance for a pilot to park a plane in the front yard. Litigation will likely open up a five-acre parcel with driveway and well in the Woodland Reflections Sub-division. If you would live in the safest place in America — guaranteed, we will immediately send you out a free info packet. To help you purchase the perfect lot, there is no interest on time payments. Remember, Almost Heaven is a Constitutional Covenant Commu-

nity — a crime and violence free area where your safety is assured. There are no building codes. Don't wait too long to join us.

SPIKE WARFIGHTER

Carol from Sedgwick, Kansas said on *Freedom Calls* that people say I must be a CIA agent to be able to intervene in situations such as Ruby Ridge, Montana Freeman, and Eric Rudolph, where hundreds of militarized police pull back to let me enter. It has nothing to do with the CIA, or any other mixture of alphabet soup! I am not an agent of any government force, having split the sheet with my "Saul turned Paul on the road to Damascus" transformation in 1987.

The reason I am able to do what others can't is because of my training, experience, organizational skills, audacity, confidence and leadership. Consider that in seven days we accomplished more than the FBI in seven months (according to CNN) with a fist full of volunteers and minimal support. Saving Eric Rudolph provided some of our Spikers with an excellent litmus test of their field training skills, and they all passed. Our demonstration of speed v. effectiveness with people who had never seen each other before shows everyone what can be done under emergency circumstances — if you know what to do and how to do it.

SPIKE WARFIGHTER is designed to teach exactly how to organize, operate successfully under extreme conditions and accomplish every mission. The number of attendees is strictly limited, so get your confirmation call in now to Vicci at 208-935-1325. The dates will be Saturday 31 October through 3 November. You will want to register for an absentee ballot to be filed before the Tuesday elections. We begin promptly at 0700 Halloween morning at the Sandy Valley, Nevada Gritz Hanger. Don't bring anything you can't carry, and be prepared to sleep on the ground Saturday, Sunday and Monday night. Food and drink, with exception of special diets will be furnished. While the days will be warm, nights will be cool. You will need a sweater to keep warm with during the extensive night operations. There will be no forced marches, however, you will be conducting a night compass course and frequent small unit battle drills using paintball guns.

Tony Brown (North Idaho Bear Hunter and Wilderness Guide)

will offer a desert survival class while Special Forces Instructor Jim Gritz, Bobby Steward, and John Palecek run you through the paces of day-night navigation, SAR (Search & Recovery), and SERE (Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape.) Ranger John Goodrich and I will work with you on battle drills and small unit tactics using paintball for added realism. Vicci has a recommended equipment list and other arrival information. Check the August Newsletter for more details.

SF TO TRAIN PLA

Did you ever do something really dumb? In 1978-81, the United States used Green Berets under a CIA contract run by Ed Wilson to train Col. Muammar al-Qaddafi's Libyan terrorists. It was stupid. I refused to participate. Later my boss, Eric von Marbod and USAF Gen. Dick Secord had to resign in disgrace; Wilson is now serving 40-years in prison for his part. I believe it was in-part some of these terrorists, under special contract who actually performed the OKC bombing.

Equally bad is the deployment of Special Forces to train the People's Liberation Army of Red China, as announced in the South China Morning Post, and confirmed by Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon. General Peter Schonmaker, CG USSOCOM (Special Operations Command) said: "What we would encourage is low level contact at small unit level that allows us to develop trust and confidence." To do what, help quell riots after Y-2-K in the USA?

WILL BILL TAKE A SPILL

More commentators and newspapers are calling for Bill Clinton's resignation, even though his public approval remains high. Clinton should resign: he is a liar, adulterer, coward, manipulating dooper, and much worse, but the Republican Congress wants him where he is. They plan to blame Y-2-K on Gore before the November election. They don't want their candidates to face a "President" Gore and VP Feinstein. There is a down side. Y-2-K may well provide Clinton with a legitimate reason to declare a national emergency — even to cancellation of, or major modification to the presidential election. The USG fiscal year begins in 13 months. We won't have long to wait — and see. **PLEASE JOIN ME AT ALMOST HEAVEN!!!**

Know that I am Forever Your Brother,





ERIC ROBERT RUDOLPH



CENTER FOR ACTION ORDER FORM

****IMPORTANT ALL PAYMENTS MUST BE MADE TO C.P.A.****

NAME _____ TELEPHONE _____
ADDRESS _____ CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

SEND ALL ORDERS TO: CPA H.C. 11 BOX 308 KAMIAH, IDAHO 83536

***** SEPTEMBER SPECIAL *****

Get your own SPIKE Logo Ballcap
Regularly \$15.00 this month only \$10.00 each

DESCRIPTION	QUANTITY	PRICE	TOTAL
NEWSLETTER \$30.00 US / \$36 CAN & MEX / \$48 OVERSEAS			
BO GRITZ DEFENSE FUND-THANK YOU!!!			
CALLED TO SERVE by Bo Gritz		\$30.00	
SPIKE Logo Ballcap		\$10.00	
RUBY RIDGE by Randy & Sara Weaver		\$20.00	

IF SHIPPING TO P.O. BOX ADD \$10. PER \$100. OF MERCHANDISE TO BE SHIPPED

SHIPPING (P.O. BOXES)

TOTAL

OFFICE USE ONLY: Date Received _____

Ck# _____ MO# _____ Initials _____

**PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO
CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE**

**NO REFUNDS AFTER 30 DAYS
EXCHANGES ONLY**

Center For Action

PRODUCT LIST

Mailing Address:
HC 11 Box 308
Kamiah, Idaho 83536
(208) 935-1325 fax 1328

WHEN 9*1*1 IS BUSY, DON'T WORRY! With SPIKE You Will Know Exactly What To Do!!

Important Information On Our SPIKE Video Training Program!!!

On the following pages are listed the Bo Gritz **SPIKE** (Specially Prepared Individuals for Key Events) Delta Force Training Videos. These videos represent 3 and 1/2 years of intense mobile training. With thousands of SPIKE students throughout the Nation, Bo Gritz, America's Most Decorated Green Beret Commander brings his Special Forces training to your home on video cassette. With such professional instructors as David Scott Weekly, Ph. D., Navy Seal, Gary Goldman, Army Ranger, Jim Gritz, Airborne Ranger and Special Forces Instructor, and Charlie McCowan, 30 times National and International Pistol Champion and Olympian.

These videos will give you the same instruction that Special Operations Command elite troops receive. There are twelve (12) phases of video instruction. Each phase of instruction contains 3 or 4 video tapes (7 - 8 hours) of exciting, one-on-one training with Bo and his Spike team.

RECEIVE OUR SPIKE DISCOUNT CATALOG!

By ordering any one of the SPIKE video tape sets you will receive our SPIKE DISCOUNT CATALOG! This valuable catalog contains *hundreds of other SPIKE products* only made available to our SPIKE team. For example, in Phase 1, one of the four classes taught is SELF DEFENSE. To complement your self defense course, in our catalog, you will find such items as: the Kubotan, Respond Gas/Pepper Spray and the Hair Brush Dagger. Our prices are very reasonable and are discounted to our SPIKE members so that they may not only have the knowledge but the proper equipment.

WORK WITH BO GRITZ AND HIS SPIKE TEAM! Become A SPIKE Distributor!

Learn about our exciting Distributor Program where you can work with Bo and his team in helping others to become prepared for most emergencies. Join people like our Spike Team in Tennessee which answers the 911 calls. They're alert and ready to serve others because of the expert knowledge they have gained from this one-of-a-kind training. Join forces with thousands of others who have saved lives, because of Bo's expert knowledge and training skills.

By becoming a SPIKE distributor, you can teach others emergency preparedness, offer the tapes and SPIKE products and earn additional income at the same time — with Bo's endorsement!

Get Started TODAY and become "Hard As Woodpecker Lips!"

SPIKE PHASE 1 VIDEO SET

In this three tape (approximately 7 hours) instructional training video set you'll learn the basics of self-preparedness. Col. James "Bo" Gritz (6th degree black belt & Chief Instructor, American Council on Karate Instruction) teaches you Self Defense by using the Kubotan, Respond pepper/gas spray and Tae Kwon Do techniques. Scott Weekly, Navy SEAL, briefs you on General Security Preparedness, showing you how to establish a safe zone in your home. Gary Goldman, Army Ranger, sets you on course with Land Navigation and orienteering. Dawn Bittner, Certified E.M.T. Instructor applies Emergency Medicine from C. P. R. to cold injuries and more. **\$75.00.**

Our Phase 1 products include self defense items, emergency food storage, survival packs, land navigation and medical items. Distributors enjoy major discounts and Bo's endorsement.

SPIKE PHASE 2 VIDEO SET

Continue your personal preparedness and education with this advanced three tape 7 hour course. Bo Gritz keeps your training on target with **Defense Against Restrictive Entry**. This course provides you step-by-step instruction on exact manipulation of all kinds of locks for entry to obtain food, water, shelter, communication or transportation in times of emergency. All types of key and combination locks are dissected and opened. Pick kits and other materials are available at discounted prices. Electronic security devices are also included. Scott Weekly's class on **Secret Service Tradecraft** reveals surefire methods of protection. You'll learn close hold information reserved for USG agents in the highest protective agencies. Bob Spear, U.S. Army consultant and 6th degree Hapkido black belt instructs you on **Defense Against Edged Weapons**. You'll learn simple and effective techniques to make yourself safe from knife attack. Randy Hoff, Special Forces Medical Supervisor shows you **Wound Management** and suturing techniques. **\$75.00.**

Among our Phase 2 products you will find such exciting items as our lock-picking tools, locksmith and medical training manuals, medical items, as well as the Spyderco Endura Knife a auto-opening belt buddy. ORDER YOUR VIDEO SET TODAY and RECEIVE YOUR SPIKE CATALOG!

SPIKE PHASE 3 VIDEO SET

GUN CONTROL— HITTING THE TARGET WITH EVERY SHOT! is the main subject of this 8 hour 3 tape set. Special Forces Sergeant Major Charlie McCowan, 30 times National and International Pistol Champion, Olympian and Pan Am Gold Medallist, talks you through his personal techniques for **Bulls-eye Shooting using Laser sight, Red Dot, and iron sights**. Ranger Gary Goldman leads you through **Street Confrontation Shooting**, while "Doctor Death" Scott Weekly demonstrates "Quick Kill" Instinctive Shooting. Bob Spear continues your self defense instruction with **Defense Against Armed Assault**. Ken Anderson will discuss how to conduct a physical examination, diagnosis, and use natural remedies. **\$75.00.**

A wonderful variety of products are available in this phase including Red Dot Scope, Square Shooter Scope, Rifle Sling, Gun Control Manual, "In the Gravest Extreme" outlining when it is legal to use deadly force, homeopathy kits and health aids as well as beautifully detailed books on herbs, their description and use. You will also find our Family Herb kit, Medicinal Herb Seed kits and more.

SPIKE PHASE 4 VIDEO SET

Continuing with a 3 tape series, Bo Gritz presents this most important class on SPIKE organization for disaster readiness. Bo teaches the Special Forces A, B and C method that allows a small number of specialists to organize multitudes. Intelligence techniques allow you to determine whether information received is accurate or not. Other intelligence agency skills allow you to set up aircraft landings and parachute operations. A special EEFIS code secures your personnel from infiltration. Scott Weekly will amaze you with his ability to take something so complicated as antenna theory and make it simple with his class on **Communication**. Bob Spear will instruct you in **Hostage Situations and Conflict Resolution**. Dr. Paul Glandville prepares you for natural Child Birthing, including all emergencies. **\$75.00.**

This Organization phase of Spike offers manuals only available through SPIKE. They include the Bo Gritz Organization Manual, SPIKE Communication, ARRL Communication Book and Audio Set, Morse Code Booklet and Audio Set. Also available is a natural child birthing kit, pregnancy remedy and an Otoscope. Find all of these products in your SPIKE Discount Catalog under Phase 4.

Self-esteem, Self-confidence, Self-preparedness with SPIKE!!!

Don't be a VICTIM - Be a Victor by being prepared for any emergency with SPIKE Video Tapes and Products!

SPIKE PHASE 5 VIDEO SET

Bob Spear wrote a book for this course on considerations when forming or selecting a Covenant Community. Gary Goldman teaches Special Forces Caching techniques to secure valuable and sensitive items on your person, within structures, and in the field. Munitions preparation and underwater methods are included. Scott Weekly demonstrates Reloading with the simplest of tools under the most trying of conditions, and in Special Forces Combat Medical Supervisor, Charlie McCowan's SF Emergency Medicine, you will learn how and when to prepare and administer IV therapy and treat all manner of problem burns. \$75.00.

Phase 5 equipment includes the SPIKE Safe Caching Manual, reloading materials, IV equipment and fluid packs.

SPIKE PHASE 6 VIDEO SET

Mountaineering and Pioneering are the highlights of SPIKE Phase 6 instruction. Have you ever rappelled down a 100' cliff face first! Three Army Rangers and a Navy SEAL teach you **combat assault rappel, along with traditional methods**. You will see in detail how to construct a **suspension traverse** for transporting supplies and personnel along vertical haul lines. Bo, Jim Gritz, Gary Goldman, and Scott do all the work, while Sergeant Major Charlie McCowan covers **Orthopedic injuries and treatment**. Also with this tape selection you'll learn from one of America's best hunters and guides, Tony Brown, of Northern Idaho, **Tracking, Hunting, Trapping, Skinning, Tanning** all manner of two and four legged critters. Tony also covers the professional way of **packing animals** for extended outings. After this training you will be safe in mountain operations. A special, easy to learn knot tying and rope making class is an additional bonus. \$75.00.

We have mountaineering manuals, military ropes, ranger kits as well as ice and heat packs, bandages and a great book on living in the country which is an encyclopedia of information. Bo and Tony pooled their talents in compiling the best information available on field craft. You'll head for the high country with confidence after completing SPIKE Phase 6.

SPIKE PHASE 7 VIDEO SET

Have you ever thought your telephone was tapped, or someone was eavesdropping on your conversation at home or work? SPIKE-7 reveals all the Counterintelligence and spy ways to counter all methods of electronic intrusion with Scott Weekly's **Counter Surveillance Course**. How about putting your own secret codes together or being able to decipher other codes? Gary Goldman's **Codes and Ciphers** class will tighten up your operational security and give you tons to consider in the area of secure communication. Hapkido Master Bob Spear demonstrates the details of **Stick Fighting**, designed for people who need an extra advantage when normal tools of self-defense aren't available. Ideal for the elderly, handicapped, convalescing, children and smaller or weaker than average people. Specifically, you'll learn how to defend yourself with a cane, walker, clubs, and many other items. Dr. Ken Anderson's **Field Herbs** class is a fascinating presentation on how to make poultices, salves, ointments, tinctures, and other applications which are extremely beneficial and plentiful when you know what to look for and how to prepare the right potion. \$75.00.

Surveillance and code manuals, Herb, salve and tincture Formula kits and herbal books supplement this phase of Spike training.

SPIKE PHASE 8 VIDEO SET

Perhaps one of the most exciting and controversial phases. SPIKE 8 reveals classified Delta Force **Close Quarters Combat (CQC)** methods used to prepare the CIA counterterrorist and FBI Hostage Response Team. You'll learn how to instantly identify friend or foe so that you'll never make a mistake. You'll also learn how to clear a room safely as part of a family team. Your instruction continues with Scott Weekly's course on **Emergency & Field Expedient Dentistry**. Also on this eight-hour tape is **Greenhouse Gardening** taught by Bob Bang. You'll enjoy this fascinating class on how you can grow fruits and vegetables in any climate — all year long. \$75.00.

Night Vision Goggles, Bo's Close Quarter Combat and Swat Manuals; references on gardening fill out SPIKE-DELTA. You earn a Green Beret after all eight phases!

SPIKE PHASE 9 VIDEO SET

SURVIVAL! Phase 9 concentrates on cold and hot weather survival with Special Forces experts **Charlie McCowan** and **Jim Gritz**. You'll learn from **Scott Weekly** about **Alternative Energy**, especially Solar Power Usage as well as wind, water, and thermal. Finish this course with one of the most exciting of all — **Bo** knows **Spycraft**! Among other ploys, you will learn how to employ, and defeat every means of truth detection, including **Direct Interrogation**, **Polygraph**, **VSA**, **Hypnosis**, **Pen & Paper Tests**, and **Truth drugs**. **Bo** shows how to use **Handwriting Analysis**, **Body Language** to see truth and a special **CIA** method for always getting your way. Your quality of life is guaranteed to improve as a result of this class. \$75.00.

Bo's Spycraft manual allows you to change identities or locate anyone. Alternative energy, wilderness and urban books, Survival tins, water purification tablets, survival cards and more. Completion of 9-phases authorizes you Gold Crossed Arrows on your Green Beret.

SPIKE PHASE 10 VIDEO SET

Every phase of **SPIKE** gets better and better. This phase guaranteed those in attendance permanent smiles. You can capture those smiles when you buckle in with Phase 10 — **Counter-terrorist Driving** and prepare for a wild ride. You will never need to fear about turning down the wrong street or being cornered by a car full of thugs. You'll learn how to effectively break a car barricade; how to do "Jay" and "Bootleg" turns and Tap-offs with ease and safely. Enjoy expert instruction by **Bo**, **Jim Gritz**, and **Scott Weekly**. Also included is a section on "special" ammunition, setting up a proper car, bulletproofing, and bomb detection.

TRIAGE is a fascinating, detailed medical class given by **Charlie McCowan** to instruct you in making proper life or death decisions in mass casualties situations. \$75.00.

Bo's Pro-SPIKE Driver Manual will make learning or teaching these talents a snap. Add a "full" Spike Flash to your Beret with 10-phases completed.

SPIKE PHASE 11 VIDEO SET

Here's where you become a consummate physical security expert. This is an extension of Phase 2 basic locksmithing and qualifies you as a "LOCKMASTER." **Bo** teaches **Changing and Manipulating Safe Locks** and other restricted methods of entry. **Scott Weekly** shares **Security Alarms Secrets** and how to easily by-pass all systems. **Jim Gritz** qualifies you to repossess all manner of transportation in his **Vehicle Entry class**. Learn how to match all the latest tools with detailed manuals made available only for professionals. Finally, **Jim** demonstrates how to use **Special Intelligence** entry tricks to by-pass high security locks. Completing this course gives you access to the restricted field of high security using **Bo's** credentials. \$75.00.

With this phase of training we offer very sensitive and confidential manuals and code books which can be ordered ONLY WITH THIS PHASE OF TRAINING. We also have restricted access tools enabling you to work as a security specialist. A Spike Badge can be awarded at the end of 11 phases.

SPIKE PHASE 12 VIDEO SET

Phase 12 "**SPIKEMASTER**" tops your training with four advanced and essential skills. **Vic Pomel** teaches **Emergency Surgery** involving invasive surgical procedures that promotes life when threatened by severed arteries, compound fractures, high velocity wounds, severe throat damage, internal injuries, et al. **Bo Gritz** demonstrates how to use **Hypnosis as a Substitute for Chemical Anesthesia**. **Jim Gritz** introduces **Community Defensive Battle Drills** as an extension to family protection and covenant communities. **Scott Weekly** presents an extensive class on **Photo-Intelligence** explaining how to take and develop the best pictures using field expedient means. You also receive instruction in reading and interpreting aerial photos. \$75.00.

Learn how to hypnotize anyone for dental surgery, pain relief, childbirthing or other medical procedures where chemicals are not available or cannot be used. Bo's personal manual of experiences tells it all. Once you have completed all 12 Spike training phases, send off for your Spike Identification Challenge Coin. DON'T FORGET TO SHARE YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH OTHERS AS A DISTRIBUTOR AND WORK DIRECTLY WITH COLONEL JAMES BO GRITZ, Forever Your Brother!

SPIKE DISTRIBUTOR PROGRAM

This exciting program is designed to allow you to prepare others for emergencies by offering them the SPIKE videos and products. You may also earn extra money for your efforts. This is not a multi-level program yet you can recruit other distributors to help in your marketing efforts.

By becoming a distributor you receive SPIKE tapes and products at even lower prices than the SPIKE price. For example, when you reach Level 3 you will, from that point forward, pay only \$39.75 for each video set you order and offer for sale. The sales price on the videos is \$75.00, so you make an immediate \$35.25 per set. You are free to recruit other distributors and earn a commission on their sales. *You earn a commission on everything sold. There are no quotas and the potential is phenomenal. On the order form simply write in your request for distributor information and we'll be happy to mail it to you free of charge.*

Visit us on the INTERNET and order your SPIKE PRODUCTS!

At www.bogritz.com you can get an up to date press release from Bo, his special activities and schedule. Stay in touch via this newsletter, checking in with the CFA (208) 935-1325, or with Bo through **E-mail: bogritz@camasnet.com**. You may order products or **ADVERTISE ON THE INTERNET** with the Bo Gritz web site. Over 40,000,000 users per month visit the Internet. Go to our website and get all the details on our products and Bo..

Who Is Bo Gritz — What Is His CENTER FOR ACTION??

Center For Action (CFA) was started by Col. James "Bo" Gritz and his wife Claudia in 1989. Bo spent over 30 years of his life serving in the U.S. Army Special Forces and intelligence activities. He is America's most decorated Green Beret Commander. General William Westmoreland named him "THE" American Soldier in his memoirs, *A SOLDIER REPORTS*. Decorated 62 times for valor, Bo is the living role model for the Rambo films. Bo has been the subject of more than 25 books and periodicals via worldwide media. He was deemed an "American Original" by the *Washington Post*, and a "Renaissance Green Beret" in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

After Vietnam, Bo served on the Army General Staff, commanded Special Forces in Latin America and was a Chief of Congressional Relations in the Office of the Secretary of Defense. He holds college degrees in Law & Corrections, Communications, Journalism, and Military Strategy, with certificates in Education, Chinese and Swahili. He has been an ordained Christian pastor for 29 years. Bo was appointed Chief Instructor for the American Council on Karate Instruction with a 6th Degree Blackbelt rating. He is a certified lockmaster, and registered Hypnotherapist.

Bo has led numerous POW/MIA rescue operations, including forays into Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, and Burma's Golden Triangle. Bo trained Afghan Freedom Fighters and served in Saudi.

In 1989 Bo dedicated the Center For Action to putting accountability back into government.

In 1992 he ran for President and gave Americans a Constitutional choice.

Bo successfully intervened at Ruby Ridge and brought the Weaver family and Kevin Harris to safety. Again during the Montana Freeman stand-off, Bo helped negotiate a peaceful resolution. Bo started his **SPIKE** (Specially Prepared Individuals for Key Events) Delta Force training in January 1993 and traveled throughout the nation teaching preparedness courses for 42-months to more than 5,000 students. The Spike program continues through distributorships and a series of "Special Qualification Courses". Bo has written a monthly newsletter for nine-years.

He founded Almost Heaven, a Constitutional Covenant Community in North Central Idaho above the Clearwater Valley, Lewis & Clark Trail. Considered the chief leader of the American Patriot Movement by the media, Bo is constantly being interviewed. He enjoys flying his own plane and is an active FAA Flight Instructor. Bo speaks at scheduled preparedness expos and teaches at Liberty School. He authored the book, *CALLED TO SERVE*, produced a video, *NATION BETRAYED*, and hosts a talk radio program five days a week. Most of all he loves his bride, Claudia.

**Center For Action
HC 11 Box 308
Kamiah, Idaho 83536**

**Phone 208-935-1325
Fax 208-935-1328**

September 3, 1998

Dear Newsletter Subscriber:

This is a friendly reminder that it is time to renew your newsletter subscription. So that you won't miss even one issue, please send check, cash or money order today for \$30.00 (\$36.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$48.00 for overseas) to the Center For Action at the address above.

I work hard to keep my newsletter full of the information you won't get from establishment media. We live in exciting times and I enjoy the challenge of keeping you informed on what the real truth is. After that, it's up to each one of us to put these issues into action. We can have accountability in our government and the media.

I hope you'll continue to be a part of our team to make things happen instead of just wondering what happened. The Center For Action Newsletter can help you do just that.

Thank you for your support. We hope to hear from you soon.

Forever your brother,

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a stylized 'B' followed by a horizontal line extending to the right.

CENTER FOR ACTION
HC 11 Box 308
Kamiah, Idaho 83536
208-935-1325



If your mailing label shows 9/98
THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE!
IT IS TIME TO RENEW!!!
Please use the enclosed order form
so you won't miss a single issue.
DO IT TODAY!!

TO:

K
3
L
9



FIRST CLASS

*****Bo's Upcoming Schedule *****

Preparedness Expo
Dallas, TX October 16-18

SPIKE Field Operations III – Warfighter
October 31 – November 3
Sandy Valley, NV

BO GRITZ
CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER

Published by

Center For Action for the Center For Patriotic Activity (CPA)

Mailing Address: HC 11 Box 308

Kamiah, Idaho 83536

(208) 935-1325 FAX (208) 935-1328

CFA website at www.bogritz.com, or E-mail for Bo at bogritz@camasnet.com

The Bo Gritz Center For Action newsletter is published monthly. Founded in 1990, the newsletter focuses on insight into current events within the United States of America and the world and how they affect you. The annual subscription rate is \$30.00 within the United States, \$36.00 outside the United States and \$48.00 for overseas mailings. There are no refunds on the newsletter.

*This newsletter provides the "inside story" not available through national media. COL Gritz's commentary is based upon his 30+ years of military service, Special Operations command, and work within U.S. Government intelligence agencies. Col Gritz authored the book, **Called To Serve**, as a result of his experiences in the rescue of U.S. POWs. He also produced a video report, **Nation Betrayed**, upon return from Burma's Golden Triangle with evidence of Washington, D.C. involvement in trafficking illegal narcotics.*

*All rights are reserved. Consent must be obtained in advance for any reproduction of this newsletter, however, portions of this newsletter may be reproduced providing it is **not for profit** and credit is given.*